

Unlikely

by Ace Of Hearts

Category: Haikyuu/ãf•ã,ðã,-ãf¥ãf¼

Language: English

Characters: Kei T., Tadashi Y.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-07-08 16:46:32

Updated: 2014-07-23 17:27:41

Packaged: 2016-04-26 19:43:36

Rating: K

Chapters: 2

Words: 3,015

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Once upon a time, a little boy wished for a friend, a friend who wouldn't tease him for how he lookedâ€¦ That's not how the story goes. Also posted on Ao3

## 1. Hi, Hello

pIt was fate that had pushed them together. If fate had the shape of two mothers, that is. Both sons barely enough time to even register what was going on or to protest when it happened. Either way, that was the story of how Yamaguchi Tadashi and Tsukishima Kei met.  
/p

pThey were scooted into Kei's shared room with his older brother as their moms happily chatted away in the kitchen next door, talking about usual mom things: i.e. what they're going to cook for dinner, "Was it this normal for your son to watch this much TV?" "Of course.", and the like. Meanwhile, the two boys awkwardly eyed each other and took quick glances at the door in case things got out of hand and one of them had to run out of there, fast. Tadashi's heartbeat thumped loudly as he prepared himself for a volley of teasing directed at his appearance while Kei said nothing and adjusted his glasses./p

p"Hey, Yamaguchi," The bespectacled boy finally said, breaking the tense silence./p

pTwo seconds later, the other looks up from where he was lightly scuffing the floor with his foot. "Huh?"/p

p"You wanna read some comics?" He hoped that it didn't sound too weird./p

pIt was like lighting a match to a fuse. "Yeah!"/p

pKei's eyes sparkled mischievously as he crossed over to his brother's side of the room, his brother that was running errands at

the moment. His hand reached for a familiar colorful book, and came back with it hugged firmly to his chest./p

pYamaguchi jumped up and down a little with excitement to see what it was, the anxiety loosening in his stomach. He loved reading comics, even the ones in the newspaper that he puzzled over until one of his parents had to explain the whole thing to him. More importantly, he wasn't going to get bullied, which he was grateful for./p

pThe blond presented it with a flourish, "It's one of my favorites!" He exclaimed, his fingers tapping the paper cover. "It has superheroes and skateboarding!"/p

p"Whoa! That's really cool!" Tadashi replied, intrigued by the strange combination but he nonetheless grinned from ear to ear. Then, his excitement faded. "Hey, Tsukishima," he said hesitantly, "Are we friends now?"/p

p"Of course! And you don't have to be so formal; you can just call me Kei!" He said reassuringly. He sat down on the floor with his back against the bed, the comic book now wide open. He looked up at the freckled boy who still stood there, and pulled on his hand until his new friend sat beside him. "And now, the story begins!" He whispered, almost confidently. He turned to the front page and a myriad of colors jumped out at them all at once./p

pThat was how their mothers and Kei's brother found them, lying flat on their stomachs, wide eyed with wonder, fingers jabbing here and there occasionally on pictures they found interesting. That was also how the two carried on as if they had known each other since forever, whispered quietly, nodded at each other, and in unison, said, "We want skateboards." With much pleading and promises of doing chores without complaint and to not hurt themselves, two 7 year old boys got their own a few days later./p

p-/p

pYears passed and both the boys and skateboards grew older and scuffed. From the early stages of wearing protective gear- "I don't want to wear the knee and elbow pads!" Kei cried mutinously- to lots of bandages and replacement wheels as they tried and rode on the asphalt, to beginner's stunts, they excelled enough to ride to school and back while also managing to wow the kids in the neighborhood. The kids who once teased the freckled boy eventually started leaving him alone once they saw him whizz past with Kei at his side. Kei also put on a glare for good measure just in case, but by then, no one dared to mess with him./p

pEven if Tadashi wasn't as excited as Kei to try out skateboarding, he eventually started to relish the feeling he got when he sped along the sidewalks and roads. The wind that buffeted his body, tangled his hair, and forced him to squint and his eyes water made him smile, while by his side, his friend was laughing and trying to catch his breath at some corny joke he heard at school. His favorite part while riding was when he crouched down for a turn, fingers grazing against the rough surface, and righting himself again, leaning slightly to the side./p

pKei, however, liked to use more complicated tricks he learned from his brother Akiteru. Akiteru turned out to have some proficiency in

skateboarding before he quit to focus on his studies and generously taught them whenever he could. He also didn't mind when the two younger boys occasionally barged into the room to read or pull him down to the floor to eat snacks with them./p

pAlthough he liked to deny it, Tadashi was the better of the two, and everybody knew it. Even Tsukki. From the original 'Kei' that grew old to the revised and undoubtedly shortened version of 'Tsukishima', the nickname 'Tsukki' was thus created and stuck. He watched Yamaguchi excel with a spark of friendly jealousy that was easily pushed away like the boost he gave himself when he accelerated on his skateboard. After all, if he practiced more, then he could get better too. Then, something happened./p

p"My parents want me to go study abroad," Tadashi said forlornly as he turned the page of the book they had read countless times. The one that tied them together. A laugh slipped out as he saw the panel where the protagonist wove in and out of the monster's legs, confusing it until it tripped over. In the next, the hero stood triumphantly on top of the monster until the skateboard slipped out from underneath, which caused him to slide down the monster's back in a heap. /p

p"I'm not done reading that page!" Kei complained. "Wait, what?" His voice cracked, going up a few notes higher than it actually should. "Why?"/p

p"They think it's too small for me here, so I'm going to live in America with my aunt and uncle until second year." He explained, while he flipped the page back./p

p"What about going into high school together? Don't tell me those entrance exams were for nothing!" His friend sits up, page forgotten. "What about me?" He said softly./p

p"I'm sorry Tsukki, but at least I have another month until I go, soâ€¦" He tried to make his voice cheerful, but it ended up being toneless./p

pA grunt comes out as an answer, and they both sit in a brooding silence./p

p-/p

p"Here! I want you to take it with you!" Kei shoves the book at his friend's chest, and quickly turns away. He's not one for sentiment./p

p"Tsukki, I can't! Just hold on to it and we can read it together again when I'm back home-"/p

p"No! Do it!" He nearly screamed, which was uncharacteristic of him. "Just go." His voice turned flat all of a sudden and his hands were shoved into his pockets. That was Tadashi's last glimpse of his friend before he dropped his gaze to the ground, tucked the book firmly into the crook of his elbow, and stepped into the car./p

p-/p

pTwo school years passed quickly by, and before he knew it, Tadashi changed a little more each day. He grew, obviously, and the freckles on his face grew also in number. The countryside was peaceful, his relatives and schoolmates were nice enough- apparently freckles were common here in America, he secretly rejoiced- but he retracted further into himself, the only things that kept him afloat were his skateboard and the comic book. Sure, the phone calls with his parents were good too, but they weren't tangible. He supposed he missed them, but he missed his best friend even though they hadn't communicated with each other since that day. He had gotten a cell phone, but what was the use of it when he didn't know Kei's number or if he even had a cellphone? He could've called the home phone number, but the different time zones made it nearly impossible./p

pThe board hasn't been touched, since the roads were mainly fields and unpaved roads that were impossible to ride on, proven by how he tried to skate through a patch of grass and nearly broke his wrist in the fall. Plus, bikes were the main mode of transportation in the countryside since everything was reasonably distanced apart. So, it's just propped up against his closet door, making a home for dust and a makeshift hanger for his clothes. Whenever he got bored, he just spun the wheels and sighed; the room was too small to go riding around in./p

pOn the other hand, the comic book became more useful and precious. It still bore the dog-eared pages, some accidental juice stains, and the little childish comments scribbled here and there that marked their favorite panels. It was the same content that he was looking at while on the return trip in the plane, sitting in the taxi, and now, back in his old room after a welcome back party for Yamaguchi Tadashi./p

pHis family members, some he knew and some he didn't, all clustered around him and bombarded him with questions until he felt like screaming. Instead, he excused himself after an hour of chaos and retreated to his room. Everything was still in the same place, although they were coated in dust. He pulls the suitcase close to him and tosses out his clothes and souvenirs until he finds the book. He leans back in his chair, feeling it shift as it gets accustomed to his weight, and turns to the first page. He doesn't hear the crunch of gravel as all his relatives, save his parents, leave as quickly as they came as the sun begins to set./p

pIt's the seven year old in him along with the present 16 year old that reads it for the tenth time that day, reacts with the same response as the doorbell rings exactly three times just like Tsukki used to, the same excitement as he runs down the stairs and fumbles with the door handle, the sameâ€|/p

pA boy now taller than himself coolly regards Tadashi. "Hey," his mouth twitching into a hint of a smirk, music blaring through the headphones around his neck, "Remember me?"/p

## 2. Different

p"You didn't come to the party!" Tadashi bursts out, almost accusingly. Where did that come from? He shuts his mouth, embarrassed. He wasn't some kid anymore, acting as if his friend forgot to give him a present for his birthday. Maybe he could've

acted cool back. A simple "yeah" would have sufficed, but sadly enough, his mouth had a different idea./p

p"Sorry," is the reply, completely emotionless./p

pTadashi blinks. Is this really Tsukki? The features are undeniable, but the personality was...off." It must be the nighttime", he thinks, blatantly ignoring the fact that the sun had only set halfway. After all, Tsukki wasn't ever a night person, but then again, he wasn't really a morning person either?! Before he confuses himself even further, he settles on blaming the time of day./p

p"It's okay!" He finally says, smiling./p

pThere is no answering smile from the blond, only cool appraisal. The smile fades. Had he been too late to say something back? Was something on his face? Either way, the stare is unnerving him. It's familiar, in the way that it was used on the kids that used to bully him at school, but never on Tadashi./p

p"Well, I gotta go," Kei drawls, putting his hands behind his head and stretching. He looks once at the horizon, takes in Tadashi and his house, and puts his hands back down to slip his headphones on./p

p"See you," Tadashi calls, waving his hand slightly, but Kei has already turned around, music still blaring away./p

pAfter the shadow rounds the corner and disappears, he lets his hand drop to his side while the other shut the door behind him. He sighs as he treads up the stairs, and for a brief moment, he feels relief that is quickly crushed by guilt. On one hand, he's relieved to have gotten away from that strange intense scrutiny that was totally uncalled for. He wonders if he did something wrong, and he shakes his head./p

p"He's your friend, there's nothing wrong with that!" The sympathetic side of him argues./p

p"Yeah, but he just came here like he owns the place! Plus, he made me feel like I committed some kind of crime with that look!" The other side says furiously./p

pExhausted by his inner conflicts, Tadashi visibly wilts on his bed and gives in to sleep./p

p-br / The next morning, he is woken by heavy knocks on the door. His first response is to let the person in since it's the polite thing to do, but instead, he rolls over and feigns sleep in case someone comes in. No one does; he cracks open an eyelid and looks at the doorway. That's weird. The door shakes when something touches it, and there's always a visible shadow coming from underneath if someone was standing there, but none of these were happening./p

pHe checks his bedside alarm clock. 7:30. His parents usually go to work at this time, but- he lifts his head up- it's a Saturday. He eases himself back down, head nestling in the crater in the middle of his pillow. The knocks must've been a figment of his imagination, and he closes his eyes when the sound is heard again./p

pFrowning slightly, he pulls the pillow over his right ear and rolls to his side to block out the noise. He still hears it, a rapid succession of three hits with a two second pause in between. Opening both eyes, he realizes that he's been clutching his bed sheet to his head, not the pillow. He stumbles out of bed to bend down to check under the doorway. No one. Then what?br / His thoughts refuse to click into place as he groggily stands there in the middle of his room, in a wrinkly t-shirt and an equally wrinkly pair of underwear. The window, that's right. He pulls up the blinds as quietly as he can and looks down, right as a rock nearly hits his face. His face, if not for the screen, that is./p

pHe reflexively jumps back while letting out a surprised squeak. After calming down, he peers down at the yard to see Kei pull back his arm to toss another rock. "Oh, it's just Tsukki. That got me worried there for a second." Tadashi yawns. Hold up. Kei. Rock. Yard. Morning. Window. The screen bounces with the force of the rock the moment he starts to think / "Man, if this were an anime, it would totally be that clichÃ© romantic window scene." He pulls himself up short. That wasn't what he meant to think. He unlatches the window and waves, either to greet Kei or to signal him to stop attacking the screen./p

p"What do you want?" He mouths, and realizes that Kei's eyesight is still less than perfect even with glasses, and two, he's pretty bad at reading lips. Tadashi makes a snap decision to go outside instead of wasting time playing a form of charades. He turns the doorknob as quietly as he can and creeps down the stairs, stepping lightly on the last few that were outrageously creaky, and unlocks the back door./p

p"You. Me. Skateboarding. Now." Kei says without preamble, clipping the words./p

p"Good morning to you too, Tsukki. And...what? I just woke up." Tadashi says lamely, scratching at his bedhead./p

pThat stare again. "And?" Comes the curt reply./p

pTadashi shrugs; he doesn't know what to say to this./p

p-br / "Come on! You were better than this!" Kei says, exasperated, as he watches Tadashi fall not once, but twice off the skateboard, while awkwardly laughing as he gets up./p

p"Not my fault I couldn't practice," Tadashi says, rubbing the back of his head. "You've gotten better, more than I could ever achieve, though."/p

pKei just sneers. Of course he has. Wasn't he the one who practiced every day until his friend came back to show him how much he improved? The friend who is still better than him in some ways but didn't know it. That frustrates him. Kei did consider quitting because it just wasn't fun for him anymore, but he didn't. Akiteru did encourage him, after all./p

p"Say, where's your brother?" Tadashi asks, as he brushes off some grass from his knees./p

p"He doesn't live here anymore," Kei snaps./p

p"College, right? It must be lonely, huh, Tsukki?"/p

pKei looks away and lets out a noncommittal grunt. He wills Tadashi to shut up already, so different from when he wanted the shy boy from years ago to open up and talk more./p

p"I guess." The blond says, barely audible./p

End  
file.